Fit to love, or fit to kill?
We can't decide, even now.

I want to see the light that will appear
at the end of this ashen sky.

Ah, damnit ...
I messed up.
That Death Eater ...
It's so easy to mistake that shade of blond.

Like the streak of sunshine that flowed into the greenhouse that winter day...
The faint golden light captivates me ...
Damn it...
I'm still inside the enemy's headquarters ...
For me to die... in a place like this...
If I said I was going to become a Death Eater, would you stop me, Potter?

I don't really think I would.
Is that so?
Well, maybe "friendly" isn't really the word.
After his father escaped from Azkaban,
Malfoy shut himself up in this deserted greenhouse.
I would stay for long periods, not saying anything in particular.
It was the winter of our sixth year.
Malfoy and I were on a bit friendlier terms.

It's fine.
If I weren't here, they'd just wither anyway.
Wait, aren't you cutting too many?
The branches over there are still young.
...
Are you going?
You still don't get it.
If Father tells me it's necessary, then I must go no matter what.

"Would you stop me?"
Why would you ask me that?
In the past 6 years, we've never once been friends.
If I had taken your hand then, would the paths we tread have intersected?
Golden hair enveloped in faint light...
I remember you smiling in the winter sunlight.
Here.
These should do for Granger.
If you still don't get why I've grown them,
it's because roses are beautiful things.

Lately, I've been thinking desperately of nothing but you.
After Malfoy left Hogwarts,
Since then, the battle with the Dark forces has intensified. The greenhouse where the two of us whiled away that winter became the light of a faraway day.
I imitated what he did, tried adding water and fertilizer.
It's as if they were telling me, "Things that are lost cannot be recovered."
But as expected, the roses died.

For the great Harry Potter to die in a place like this...
But not right now.
It can't end yet.
I...
ah... the snow's getting into the wound ...
In my final moment, I'll probably be dreaming of you.
I'd like to die with a smile on my face.

I still
have things
I haven't
told you
yet.

Winter Rose

In my last moment, I'll probably be dreaming of you...

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